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HISTORICAL PAGEANT of BETHEL COLLEGE

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BETHEL COLLEGE HISTORICAL PAGEANT

(Suggested scene sequence)

1

Background is a prairie scene, where the Administration Building now stands. Knee-high grass in the foreground. Above the blue sky. The background shows this pasture scene as far as the eye can see, stretching to the north. A few birds, here and there a tree, perhaps; surely not too many.

Enters David Goerz, very slowly, all alone. The audience may have heard him, off-stage, say, "Whoa," following the sound of a horse pulling a spring wagon. He carries a straight, shoulder-high stick in his hand, walks toward the center of the stage and looks north, back to the audience. Not a word. He turns east, looks. Pushes back his hat, and stands in meditation, thinking. The horse, off stage, makes a sound, and he turns sharply, and says again, "Whoa!" Walks back stage, looks north, right up to the background, and with back to the audience looks some more, and finally, in a meditative mood turns, walks back to his buggy, and the audience hears him smack the reins, and say, "Giddap!" He has not said a word.

2

Lights fade a little, and the narrator, unseen by the audience, reads:

> "Now, in those days, things were just different. We must not judge the past by the present, for the past, if it be judged at all, must be judged by the conditions and the personalities as they were then.
>
> "It is easy for us now, in the comfort of present-day conditions, to think things were always as they are now, and to forget the price of progress. But it may be that in those days people saw things which we do not and cannot see. Each age looks into the future, sees what it can see, and having seen and having achieved must pass on. It is a procession--a glorious procession of men and women--simple, honest, hard-working, God-fearing, home-loving men and women like ourselves, with frailties but also with faith not less, and perhaps more, than our own. Let them pass, but let them not pass without, spoken or unspoken, a word of simple gratitude."

Lights fade out to almost complete darkness, but almost immediately come back to full brilliance.

From the opposite side of the stage enter pioneers--two men--carrying some farm tools of the most primitive kind (See Charles Kauffman),

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in conversation, when, as they approach center stage, one happens to see in the distance David Goerz. He stops and the other, a few steps later, stops also.

"See something?"

"I thought I saw someone off there to the southwest."

"Oh?"

"It's hard to look against the setting sun, but it looks like a man in a buggy. He seems to be driving alone."

"That must be the man my wife saw the other day. And our neighbors across the section were remarking too, when we visited at Schmidt's last Sunday, they had seen a man come here by himself in a buggy, stand here awhile, look around, and then drive off."

"That's very strange. What should he want here?"

"That's not all. Our neighbors said that one morning when he came in his buggy he brought another man with him, and they saw him pointing west, and north, and east. Then they would wave toward the city of Newton, and then look north, talk a while, and then drive off."

"That's strange. I don't understand."

The two men walk off the stage in the direction they were walking. Lights dim, and after a moment of silence, there is heard far off the howl of a coyote. It is lonely, wierd, uncanny! Another moment, and then the narrator, again unseen, continues:

"It was on such plains as these that these good people established their new homes. Buffeted by the elements, cast about and smitten down, yet not broken in spirit, hampered by poverty, but driven by hope they came--thousands of them to found a new order. While they brought with them no earthly goods, yet they brought memories! Stripped of the comfortable prosperity of the old world, they still had their dreams, and laying aside every weight of the past, they dreamed of greater things yet to come. Yea, their old men dreamed dreams!"

Lights come back on to the increasing sounds of approaching horse and buggy off-stage, and voices of people in animated conversation. Voice off-stage says, "Whoa!" and sound of people dismounting precedes a group of four or five men entering stage. Goerz, one of the men, is already familiar to the audience, having seen him in Scene 1, but of course, they do not know that it is David Goerz. From Scene 3 curiosity about him has been sharpened, and now bringing in a group of other men the stage is set to introduce him and some of the problems of his time. The purpose of this scene, further, is to review for the audience some of the problems

which the people of that time faced with reference to education, and conflicting views on the need of education, and the difficulty of securing sponsorship for higher education.

J. J. KREHBIEL: Now, men, Brother Goerz, here (pointing) has talked to us individually from time to time about a matter which has been on his heart. It has to do with the need of higher education among us as Mennonite people in the new country.

BROTHER LOEWEN: But are we sure that there is a need for higher education, seeing we already have schools at Halstead?

BROTHER SCHMIDT: Our people are poor, crops have not been good, and our children are badly needed on the farm.

J. J. KREHBIEL: Brother Goerz, how about all this? You have talked to many of our people. What is the answer to such questions?

GOERZ: (Stepping forward slightly) Brethren, what you have said is true. It is true that our people, when they came to America from the old country, immediately set about to establish schools, for the training of their youth. We as a people learned to love our schools in the old country.

LOEWEN: They were good enough.

GOERZ: They were good. Those of us who studied under Lehrer Lenzman will never forget him.

SCHMIDT (Interrupting): Ya, ya, Goerz, I know why YOU would remember him. (Begins laughing heartily) I remember the time when you fell asleep while Lehrer Lenzman was explaining . . . (Loewen and Krehbiel have evidently heard the story before, smile indulgingly, but turn to Goerz, anxious to hear of bigger things.)

GOERZ: But this is not the old country, this is the NEW. We must keep many of the things we brought over from the old, but we must also face new conditions. What about our young people?

LOEWEN: Well, what about them? They're all right.

KREHBIEL: They are becoming restless already. All around people are putting up schools, academies, and even colleges and universities, and our children want to be like others.

SCHMIDT: Those colleges will fail. Even our own people have tried to keep up schools of higher learning, and they failed. Look at Wadsworth, in Ohio.

LOEWEN: Was that a MENNONITE school?

SCHMIDT: Sure it was. Why, Reverend van der Smissen himself was a student there. They had good students, but the school had to be closed.

GOERZ (seeing his opportunity): Yes, and do you men know WHY that school had to be closed?

SCHMIDT: Because our people do not WANT higher education. They are a farming people, and God never intended for them to become educationally minded. Higher education makes them crooked. It teaches them to trust in themselves rather than God.

GOERZ: I rather think that those schools failed because there was something fundamentally wrong in the plan of financial support for these early schools. They were CONFERENCE schools, that was the trouble. The churches of the conference collected what they could, but there was no guaranteed income--nothing DEPENDABLE.

LOEWEN: Yes, I remember that is what the trouble was up here (pointing north) at Emmental. We used to have to sleep up in the attic, remember that, Krehbiel?

GOERZ: What we need is something more permanent, something more than just a little preparatory school like at Halstead and Emmental. We need a school where our young people can get real training for the future. (Goerz takes off his hat, and stepping out of the group, walks to the east side of the stage with energy, pointing eastward as he talks.) Look out there. Out there is Kansas City, and the coming of the railroad and the incoming population is surely going to mean a great development of this country.

SCHMIDT: What do you mean, "development"?

GOERZ: Brethren, what you see here now is only prairie land and sod houses, but in only a few years this very land will be peopled by thousands of settlers. Towns and cities will spring up, and we will not be able to live by ourselves in little isolated communities. We will inevitably become a part of this American life.

SCHMIDT: But that can't be. We must remain separate.

GOERZ (Utterly ignoring the question, steps out again, this time striking forward as a LEADER, center backstage, and he points north) Look up there, there's Alexanderwohl, Canton, Lehigh, Hillsboro--some of the finest land. Don't you see hundreds of young people growing up and wanting greater opportunities--opportunities to serve God and man in a larger way. I see growing churches, and more churches. Where will we get our leaders?

LOEWEN: Come, come, Goerz, you are letting your enthusiasm run away with you!

GOERZ (Again ignoring the question, steps briskly forward to the westside, the men trailing and shocked by this outburst of enthusiasm, but almost being swept away with it themselves): Look west, brethren, and what do you see. Out there lie Buhler, Inman and Halstead. Right now men like Ratzlaff and Gaeddert are serving the Lord in a marvelous way. But when they become old, where shall we find the young men to take their places?

KREHBIEL: I think I begin to see what you mean Goerz. What you mean is that if we want to maintain our ideals and our faith in the midst of this rising culture we must begin now to prepare for the future.

GOERZ: Sure. That's it.

LOEWEN: What we sow today, we shall reap tomorrow. That's just plain sense.

GOERZ (Turning to Loewen with affectionate appreciation): Flesh and blood hath not revealed this to you, Brother Loewen. I KNOW YOU understand. (Stepping forward quickly, leaving the group to follow, comes to front center stage, and pointing south (right at the audience) continues) And right here, at our feet, anxious to go ahead with an idea of this kind lies Newton. I have talked with Warkentin down there at the mill. Ah, Warkentin--there's a man, brethren--he understands, and he has influence. He tells me there are businessmen in Newton right now who would be willing to go into this thing. There are men of influence, there are men of wealth, and there are men of great forward-looking hearts and minds who can see what this would mean to Newton, and to this whole territory.

LOEWEN (in a burst of inspiration): Yea, the whole world! I see it all now. But how can this all be done, Brother Goerz.

GOERZ: With God all things are possible, Brethren. Right now I can't see how all the details can be worked out, but in His time God will show us. We have already stood here too long. Already the day draws to a close. But this is holy ground; let us pause here for a moment, and seeing that He has led us to see alike in this matter, let us ask Him to guide us to the full realization. Brother Krehbiel, won't you lead us in a brief prayer before we part?

Group uncover their heads, lights become somewhat dimmed, and Krehbiel prays: Having experienced thy guidance, O Lord, all the years of our lives, grant us now, through the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, the light which we need upon our path, that knowledge may be increased and that Truth may abound to Thy honor and glory, forever.

GOERZ: Come now, brethren, we must be going.

Lights fade out as the group apparently mounts the buggy, and in the almost-complete darkness the audience hears the sound of the horse and buggy going down the road and dying out in the distance.

NARRATOR: Such meetings as these, wherever he went, soon brought David Goerz to the attention of thinking people. Preacher, editor, musician, business organizer--keen of intellect, quick-witted, and dynamic--he could appeal to any audience. Wherever he went he brought the gospel of higher education to an immigrant people, little by little breaking down their lethargy, their hesitancy, their prejudices, until, in the winter of 1887, at a meeting of the Western District Conference, a momentous resolution was passed, permitting David Goerz, J. J. Krehbiel, and Bernhard Warkentin, under the sanction of the Conference, to negotiate for the permanent location of a private college. Delegates from this conference brought the news of this resolution to their various communities.

Lights come back. Same backdrop, but at the side of the stage stands a plow, and backstage, half-on and half-off the stage an old-time wagon. A farmer in field clothes is eating his noon-day lunch which his wife has brought out to him on the field.

WIFE: Our neighbor, Mr. Schmidt, was over to see us this morning while you were out here in the field plowing, Henry. He says there is talk going around.

FARMER: Talk? What kind of talk?

WIFE: Schmidt was a delegate from the Alexanderwohl church to the Western District Conference, you know.

FARMER: Yes? What did they decide?

WIFE: Schmidt says the people of Newton made an offer to give $85,000 in land and $15,000 in cash if the Mennonites would establish a school here at Newton.

FARMER: (Excitedly) What you say!

WIFE: It is true.

FARMER: Fifteen thousand dollars?

WIFE: That's what Schmidt said. I don't think I musunderstood him either. And Newton wants them to start building at once.

FARMER: (Takes a big bite of a sandwich and a drink of hot coffee) Why, they can't do that. What will happen to the Halstead Seminary?

WIFE: They are going to move it--buildings and all. (Wife stands with arms on her hips while he eats. She looks off stage, west, as though she sees someone coming.) Someone coming this way, Henry.

FARMER: Can you see who it is?

WIFE: No, but Schmidt said some of the delegates might be going by here on their way home to Alexanderwohl. This might be some of them. Here they are now. It's Heinrich Richert.

Sound of horse and buggy off stage. Enter Richert. Farmer rises to meet him, setting down a cup of coffee as he gets up, not too gracefully.

RICHERT: Good morning, or is it afternoon?

FARMER: On your way home from the Conference?

RICHERT: Yes. Have you already heard what is up? They are planning to build a new school.

FARMER: What does this all mean? When we can't support one school then we start another! What idiotic foolishness is this anyway?

RICHERT: I don't see it, at all. But I can see too that we cannot keep the school in Halstead going, and we MUST have a place to train our leaders or all that we sought to save by coming to America will be lost. (He makes as if to leave)

WIFE: Well, do not hurry away. Tell us more.

RICHERT: No, I cannot stay now. We will have a meeting of the church Sunday afternoon to go into this matter before the whole congregation. Be sure to be there, and tell Schmidt's not to stay away. We want everybody to know about this. (Just off stage he mounts buggy; and we hear the sound of his carriage leaving. Farmer and wife wave him good-bye, and he returns, but does not sit down to continue his lunch.)

Wife empties the cup on the ground, and packs up the lunch bucket, stooping, while farmer, mounting the wagon from the rear picks up the reins, slaps them on the dashboard, calling out "Giddap," and the wagon is pulled off the stage. Wife waves at her husband and walks off in the direction from which she came.

Lights remain on. After a moment, the

NARRATOR: In every community where Mennonites had settled, went the word, "New College," "Moving the Seminary," "Newton makes big offer," and in every community, as the founders were soon to

find out, there arose not only new hopes, but criticisms and misgivings. In Newton a group of citizens had formed a "Newton College Association," with a view to founding an undenominational college. Without doubt, had the Mennonites not accepted this
(LIGHTS DIM) offer, some other denomination would have. Already [here insert data on founding of similar colleges about the same time].

The attitude of the Conference at Halstead was not too friendly, and had accepted the Newton offer with the understanding that an association of the brethren undertake to carrying out the
(LIGHTS OUT) project in all its details. Also, there were staunch supporters, still, of the Halstead Seminary, who were determined that that school should continue to operate as a feeder for the new school, and that both it and the newly-authorized school should continue to have the right to collect for funds among the churches.

But back of the scenes men with vision were working.

Lights come on. While the lights were out the curtain has been pulled in partly, or a screen placed across the stage and midway from front to back. Before it stands a long table and around it a number of chairs, more than will be needed for the following scene. Enter J. J. Krehbiel (whom the audience already knows) with Bernhard Warkentin (mentioned by the narrator). Krehbiel pulls out a chair for Warkentin.

KREHBIEL: Here, Brother Warkentin, you sit here.

WARKENTIN: Thank you, Brother Krehbiel.

KREHBIEL: Brother Warkentin . . . .

WARKENTIN: Yes, Brother Krehbiel, what is it?

KREHBIEL: The help that you are giving us in the formation of this college corporation is a great help. May God bless you for it.

WARKENTIN: Ah, Krehbiel, it is nothing. Nothing! Say nothing more about it. Seeing how richly the Lord has blessed my wife and me, should we not gladly do this little for Him?

KREHBIEL: It is not only the material help which you give, but you give so richly of <u>yourself</u>. You have such good judgment, and you have insights into the business end which is going to put the new school on a firm foundation.

WARKENTIN: It takes all kinds of people--and many of them--to make a success of this. Each person must do what he can. And each generation will have to do its part.

KREHBIEL: Here come Goerz and Heinrich Ewert. I see they have Mr. McLain and Mr. Ragsdale from Newton with them.

(Enter Goerz, Ewert, McLain, and Ragsdale)

GOERZ: (Beaming with happiness): How do you do, Mr. Warkentin, and you, Brother Krehbiel; I am glad to see you. Where is Mr. Ruth?

KREHBIEL: Mr. Ruth and Mr. Quiring are coming just a little later, Mr. Goerz. They will be here. Don't you worry.

GOERZ (sitting down, and laying out various papers. McLain and Ragsdale also seem to have an important part, and sitting down together seem to be going over certain writings. They adjust their glasses, etc., while the other adjust their chairs in preparation for a meeting.): Now, gentlemen, I think we are ready for the final reading of the proposed charter. We have here a copy for each of you. (They all look over their papers.)

WARKENTIN: Mr. Chairman, I see here, in the first paragraph, that you want to call this school "Bethel College." I think that is appropriate--a "House of God." I like that. But it seems to me that it almost seems, from the way this reads that this is too much a local institution. Should it not be more inclusive?

RAGSDALE: Pardon me, Mr. Warkentin, but do you mean that it should include more than just the vicinity about Newton?

WARKENTIN: It would seem so to me, Mr. Ragsdale.

KREHBIEL: Why not make this institution open its doors to all denominations, and make it especially a school for all Mennonites, not only those in Kansas.

MCLAIN: Mr. Chairman, Mr. Krehbiel expresses a most generous attitude. I think the first paragraph should be changed. Perhaps Mr. Krehbiel would word it for us.

KREHBIEL: Mr. Chairman: I move that we change the first paragraph to read: "For Bethel is to be no local institution, intended to supply the wants of just a limited district, but in accordance with its corporate name, is to be a college of the Mennonite Church of North America, open not only to members of that church, but to all who may wish to avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered."

RAGSDALE: I second the motion.

GOERZ: Any discussion? (After a pause). All those in favor say "I." Opposed? Carried. Now are there any other changes?

RAGSDALE: It seems to me the committee that has drawn this up has done a good piece of work. As far as I am concerned we are ready to adopt this, and to subscribe our names as charter members. If there is no discussion to the contrary, I so move.

WARKENTIN: I second the motion.

GOERZ (Pushing the thing through rapidly): All those in favor, . . . Opposed? . . . Carried. [The various members sit down by turns to sign the historical document, the lights gradually dimming and hiding the group from sight. In the darkness Goerz only remains and seats himself as he might be seated in a study, writing letters].

Lights are being dimmed when the

NARRATOR begins: It is well that we cannot know the future. Perhaps if we knew it, we might well be frightened at the terrible odds against us. But life kindly draws the curtains for us only as we are able to bear the burdens which they uncover. Only too soon were these men to find that passing resolutions is one thing; building institutions is another. The charter was granted in 1887, the cornerstone laid in 1888. But in between: were many months of planning, many letters were written, churches contacted, and personal solicitations made. *Exhausted yet ever keeping at it, each little gain helping to sustain, to encourage, and to spur on these dauntless men of vision.

MRS. GOERZ (entering with kerosene lamp): My dear man, the sun has long set. You have been at this desk all afternoon writing letters. How many have you written? You must be very tired.

GOERZ: Yes, mother, I am tired. See all the letters I have written--twenty in all. See, this one is to Reverend Shell of Pennsylvania---he shall come and be on the program for the cornerstone laying next fall. And this one here is to Brother Sprunger of Indiana--asking him to be on the program too.

MRS. GOERZ: But, Father. The basement is not even begun yet. And here you are writing these men to come to the cornerstone laying.

GOERZ (Laughing, but it is the laugh of a tired man): We must dream great dreams, mother. We must not ask too little of life! Last week the mailman brought us $350--and more has been promised. One of the lumbermen told me he would furnish the lumber for the scaffolding when we need it, and in ElDorado the man at the stone quarry told me he would give us a special 10 per cent discount on the rock for the foundations. If that is not God pointing the way, I do not know what would be.

MRS. GOERZ: Father, father. I hope you will not be disappointed.

GOERZ: Only believe, mother; only believe!

Lights fade out only long enough for Mrs. Goerz to leave the stage. When they come on again Goerz is again seen writing. He writes rapidly, but obviously with care and precision. He folds and addresses each letter, and places it on a stack. Meanwhile the narrator is speaking.

NARRATOR: Gentlemen: I want to thank you in behalf of Bethel College for your gift for the erection of the new building, which is now progressing nicely . . . . [Voice trailing] Very sincerely yours.

NARRATOR 2: Dear Brother Richert: I shall be in Alexanderwohl next Sunday, and if possible I should like to present the plan for a college to the people of your congregation. Would it be possible for your church to receive me? . . . Very sincerely yours. Yours in His Service,

NARRATOR 3: Dear Brother Haury: Will you please tell Professor Wedel that I will not be able to be back in Halstead as I had planned, as I am planning to speak in Alexanderwohl Sunday. The Board will meet Monday to make the contract for the basement walls and to set the date for the cornerstone laying. I was in Kansas City on my way back from Minnesota last week to see the architect. He is making some splendid plans for the new building, which I am very anxious to show to the faculty members when I come to Halstead. Faithfully yours,

NARRATOR 2: Gentlemen: I have your letter demanding immediate payment for the materials thus far delivered. Funds are being received, but I would like to ask you to be patient. I assure you in the very near future I expect to receive enough funds to make a very substantial payment on your bill [Voice trailing] . . .

NARRATOR 1: Dear Brother Gaeddert: I thank you from the depth of my heart for your encouraging words to me when I left your church recently, after presenting the cause of the College. May the Lord greatly reward you for your greatness of heart. You were an inspiration to me. I think of you and your little flock and the many other churches of our people, and I trust that some day you may find young men and women going out from this place [Voice trailing] . . .

Lights fade out during all this last letter (or more) to allow the table and the screen to be taken off. When the lights return the stage is back to the original backdrop, only a portion of the foundation for the Administration Building is seen, in the midst of all kinds of

building paraphernalia--concrete mixing boxes, saw horses, ad. lib. People from all sides are strolling in and visiting gernerally, inspecting building operations. Some, obviously, are not there out of interest, but in scorn, and make no bones about showing it, either. On a platform behind the stone foundation Goerz, Sprunger, Shelley, and other local offialdom is being seated while the crowd assembles. A band begins to play (!?!), finishing off with strains from "Grosser Gott, Wir Loben Dich."

GOERZ (Rising): We have all assembled to lay the cornerstone of a new college. Christ is the true cornerstone, and in His name we will begin the work of this building, and in His name continue. We wish you all a hearty welcome. Rev. S. F. Sprunger from Berne, Indiana is to be our next speaker. Reverend Sprunger.

SPRUNGER: Christ said it was the wise man who founded his house upon a rock, and we have come to do like the wise man, to lay the foundation stone of our building that it might stand the ravages of time. Christ commanded man to go out into the world and preach God's word, and it is in that spirit that this college is conceived. (Sits down)

GOERZ (Assistant comes forward and receives from him some cards which he begins passing out): And now we are going to permit those of you who have not had an opportunity to become a part of Bethel College to contribute to her growth. We are passing out cards on which you may write how much you are able and willing to give toward the building fund. (As cards are passed out, the following:) [Edge of the crowd]

FIRST MAN: How much are you going to give?

SECOND MAN: Do I look like a foolish one? In a few months the wolves will be howling around her. Cover that foundation over with brush and it would make a fine cow barn. One thing is certain--it will never be a school.

GOERZ: Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very happy to present to you at this time Reverend Davis of the Presbyterian Church of Newton. Reverend Davis.

DAVIS: I welcome you to Newton. Newton is a fine town. Just walk down our main street. Not a saloon will you see, and Newton is located in a fine state. Kansas has boundless resources. We're proud of our state, and we are proud of our town. We are proud of our schools and colleges, and I welcome you because you come to lay the cornerstone of another college in the interest of Christian education. I welcome you

because you come to found a college in the name of Christ, one which will equip the heart as well as the brain. Love your church as you do your country; build up and support Bethel College. Other denominations have received rare benefits from their colleges. So can you. Again I extend to you a hearty welcome. [Sits down]

SHELLY (In German): We dedicate this building in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

CROWD SINGS: The Doxology.

LIGHTS FADE OUT:

NARRATOR

NARRATOR: The high hopes and expectations expressed on the day of the cornerstone laying were slow of realization. The full responsibility of working out the details of bringing the new school into operation had been laid at the feet of the triumvirate--Bernhard Warkentin, J. J. Krehbiel, and David Goerz. Around this group of three there gathered an increasing number of interested, sympathetic, and understanding friends. During those first few years after the laying of the cornerstone

there were times when these friends were badly needed. There were times when courage sank, and faith was at a low ebb.

MUSIC FADES OUT AND LIGHTS RETURN. The foundation stands as in the last scene, but all the building materials have been removed. From the right side enter Schmidt and a small boy.

SCHMIDT: (Hurrying along, not seeing the unfinished building) Come, come, son, we must hurry to town to do our buying.

SON: Father, what is this building which we see here always as we go to town?

SCHMIDT: That? Oh, that is nothing. Let's not even talk about it?

SON: Do you know what it is, Father?

SCHMIDT: It was supposed to be a college, but it never will be.

SON: A college? What is a college, Father?

SCHMIDT: It is a place where people who don't want to work go to school. It is for lazy people, not for us.

SON: Can boys and girls go there too?

SCHMIDT (Impatiently): Ach, be still, son. What is it to you? What do you ask such foolish questions? Sure, boys and girls go there, but not little ones--only big ones. (Takes him by the arm and hurries him off the stage.)

(Shortly after)

GOERZ AND KREHBIEL, enter from left stage with tape measure and notebook. They stretch the tape measure and jot down measurements. Krehbiel taps down a stake or two. They carry on a sort of incoherent coversation which the audience need not understand, particularly; make gestures, walking quickly from point to point as though they knew perfectly before they came what measurements they intended to get--then leave without speech.

(Short pause)

LIGHTS lower but not out. Falling snow (?) or sound of wind off stage suggests cold, storm, or winter. During the time the narrator picks up the howling of the wind continues, but not enough to drown out the voice of the narrator.

NARRATOR: Perhaps it was well for those who worked that they could not hear the jeering and the scoffing of those who did not. A kind

Providence throws a mantle of protection about those men of vision and faith that the thoughtless and faithless jibes of unthinking men may not prematurely dampen their enthusiasm. Spurred on by the vision oncoming youth, they planned plans, wrote more and yet more letters, spoke in countless churches while others scoffed, for five long years.

LIGHTS STILL LOW. Enter a group of three men, evidently of the rabble type, sauntering aimlessly, ridiculing.

FIRST MAN: (Ascending foundation, mock oratory, selects parts of speeches made at the cornerstone laying.)

OTHER MEN: They laugh uproariously, and feed him other portions of speeches.

FIRST MAN: (Concluding) Ladies and Gentlemen: I hereby dedicate this magnificent structure to all posterity. . . .

OTHER MEN (Mockingly): Amen . . . Amen . . .

FIRST MAN (Continuing). . . . this magnificent structure to all posterity as a lesson to all who may pass by to see it--A Symbol of Mennonite Stupidity.

OTHER MEN (Jeering and laughing): Long live their stupidity!

First man jumps off the foundation and they all lunge off the stage, turning as they go to wave back to the half-finished structure with "Forever!" and "Yea, forever and ever!"

LIGHTS FADE OUT. (Short pause)

NARRATOR: On the official seal of the College we read these words, "For other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." In the course of time funds were collected sufficient to go on with the building; again were heard the sounds of hammer, saw, and trowel (SOUNDS ON STAGE? MUFFLED BUT SUGGESTIVE?) Finally, the building--at least the shell of the building--stood finished. One single building of limestone against the prairie--a landmark of the times.

LIGHTS COME IN, revealing a corner of the Administration Building [or, perhaps, a silhouette of the building in full against the prairie scene, having been slid into position in a groove of a long board; OR, perhaps from this point on the spotlight technique upon the minature campus, putting the buildings on one by one as the scenes call for them, while front of the stage may be arranged to take care of the shifting scenes alternating at either side, somehow]. From all sides come people dressed for the dedicatory services, usually couples (man and wife) but also

many couples with a son or a daughter. An improvised platform may have been left standing from the preceding set. Among the group is

GOERZ (Ascending the platform): Good friends, we are gathered together this afternoon on this solemn occasion to give praise and honor to Almighty God. As an expression of our gratitude, before we enter the building for the dedicatory program, let us pause for a word of prayer, after which let us sing, "Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich." Reverend Ratzlaff, pastor of the Hoffnungsau Mennonite Church at Buhler, Kansas, will lead us in prayer.

RATZLAFF: Gracious Heavenly Father, we give Thee our heartfelt thanks upon this, the completion of a building dedicated to the teaching of thy children. May it lead them into a fuller knowledge of the truth, may it lead them to the fountain of Truth Eternal. May it become an inspiration to the young people who attend here; to the homes from which they come. Let this College, in the years to come, spread its blessing into this community and into all the world, as its students go out to the uttermost corners to minister unto the needs of man. Amen.

AUDIENCE (A Cappella Choir?) Sings: "Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich."

LIGHTS FADE OUT, while singing continues MUCH SUBDUED, but going on through at least one whole verse and finally fading out altogether.

NARRATOR: Such were the beginnings. Beginnings are always hard. The enrollment that first fall--the year of 1893--was--------. The faculty consisted of:_____. Only a portion of the present Administration Building was in use for school purposes. The second floor was used for dormitory purposes. What is now the library on the main floor was then used for the auditorium--it was the central meeting place for the daily chapels and for the evening meetings of the then-ever-popular literary societies, there being separate societies for men and for women. Library facilities in those years were practically non-existent. The museum in those years attracted more attention than the library. It is difficult, indeed, even to imagine clearly the conditions under which students lived and under which teachers conducted the meager offerings of that early-day curriculum. As yet no central heating plant. Rooms were individually heated with stoves. The room now occupied by the commercial department was a coal bin. No electric lights! Oil lamps were carried from room to room as needed--but evening meetings were few--and were seldom needed.

The curriculum was just beginning to emerge from the Victorian era. The large emphasis was upon the classics, and science was an infant, clamoring constantly for admission but looked upon everywhere with endless suspicion and askance. Only the deft maneuvering of the instructor made it possible to get even a minimum of laboratory equipment.

LIGHTS ON: Stage is set for 1893 classroom--very bare indeed. On the simple screen background hang one or two scientific charts, if possible some which are obviously old-fashioned. A plain table on which a very simple apparatus is needed--for a class in physics. A teacher works feverishly, looking frequently at his watch, apparently not at all satisfied with the set-up. Just a few plain chairs--perhaps a pedestal blackboard.

CLASSROOM BELL RINGS LOUDLY. Instructor wipes perspiration from his brow and quickly tries to tidy himself up a little before the students enter. He adjusts his coat, and in other ways puts on a sort of oratorical style, and pompous manner considered "correct" for teachers in those days.

CLASS OF STUDENTS ENTER. The ladies in dresses appropriate to the times, come in and sit properly, while the men take the opportunity, if possible, to smirk and play some little prank as they enter--on each other, if not on one of the "girls."

BELL RINGS SHARPLY, and the class settles down at once--PERFECT DISCIPLINE!

PROFESSOR: Now this morning we have as our experiment a study in the relative effect of weight at the end of a lever. Now (rubbing his hands in evident embarrassment at the need of apology) I am extremely sorry to have to admit that we do not have the laboratory facilities properly to demonstrate this principle. Mr. Unruh.

H. T. UNRUH: (Standing up, respectfully) Yes, Sir.

PROFESSOR: Will you kindly go out to the well and pump a pail of water. [To the class] You see, class, we have to use a pail of water to serve as a weight to regulate the tension on this wire to produce a certain pitch. [Unruh leaves running with an empty pail, and stumbles inadvertently over a chair--very awkward and in a terrible hurry.]

PROFESSOR: Now can you tell me what this is? [Holds up tuning fork]

GIRLS IN CLASS look pathetically innocent and dumb, looking around hopefully that perhaps one of the men may know. The men, one hand on elbow, the other stroking their chins look philosophical, but obviously ignorant. Finally one student offers an answer.

STUDENT: I THINK I know, but I'm not quite sure.

PROFESSOR: Yes, good. You tell us.

ENTER UNRUH staggering with a pail of water, and bringing it to the professor, who promptly hangs it on the apparatus, and picking on the tension wire, and completely ignoring the discussion started by the class, says, "It's not enough; go quickly, Unruh, and get another pail."

UNRUH has hardly finished wiping his brow, stares at the professor, grabs up the pail and dashes out again. Sound of pump is now heard off stage.

PROFESSOR (resuming discussion): Ah, yes, let me see. What were we saying? [Sees turning fork lying on the desk; this reminds him] Oh, yes, we were saying--let me see, YOU were saying [pointing to the student] this was a what?

STUDENT: A pitchfork! [Class looks very solemn, except two of the boys--they seem to sense something funny. The professor is snickering, but controls himself.]

PROFESSOR: Well, yes, that is, no. No exactly.

ENTER UNRUH: Here you are, Professor. [He pours in the water into container at the end of the apparatus, and the professor again quickly tests it, and says:] Not enough, Unruh; not QUITE enough. Another pail; hurry, the hour is going by rapidly.

UNRUH: (puffing) Yes, Sir--YES, Sir. (He begins to show fire in his eyes--it's almost too much for him)

PROFESSOR: Now then,--Oh, yes, you say this is a pitchfork. Well, I see that you might call it that--but we call it, not a "pitchfork," but a "tuning fork." Now, listen carefully [Strikes it a resounding blow--audience will no doubt try to listen also.

GIRL IN CLASS: You know, Professor, that sounds beautiful, doesn't it?

UNRUH (bursting in with another pail of water): Will (gasping) . . . will this (gasping) . . . will this DO?

PROFESSOR (pouring in the water while Unruh rests, tests again, listening carefully to the strumming of the wire, then says): Not quite--one more pail will make it.

UNRUH: Can someone please help me pump? [One of the other men goes out with him--one of the girls turns longing eyes toward the men, obviously more interested in them than the experiment going on]

PROFESSOR: Now we shall see that as the tension on this wire increases the pitch of the vibrations increases--not so?

CLASS (nodding their heads wisely): Yes, sir. That's right!

PUPIL: The pitch increases as the tension increases.

PROFESSOR: (Appreciatively) That's right. That's EXACTLY RIGHT!

UNRUH AND HELPER enter, carrying the pail between them. While Unruh pours out the water, the other takes his handkerchief and wipes some water off his shoes which evidently spilled over onto his shoes.

PROFESSOR (again testing, is suddenly nonplussed--pauses in embarrassment a moment while the class looks on, not quite understanding): We got too much water in that time! I'm sorry.

MOMENT OF SILENCE as entire class waits.

UNRUH: Now must I carry ALL THAT WATER out again!

ALL LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY.

LIGHTS FADE OUT: While the light is out, the stage is being modified to an indoor setting of a faculty meeting--long table and chairs set in order, while narrator takes over.

NARRATOR: Such situations were typical--practically no equipment. No running water. No electricity, of course. No pipes for disposal. In the chemistry department, for example, test-tube racks were home-made, by the instructor himself, out of old crates. For every need a special donation was needed; when one department got a special gift, it was the envy of all the others. It is recalled that when the physics department one time received a special gift of $125, another member of the faculty, teaching in the field of the classics, remarked, ruefully, "Was that really necessary?"

There were other problems--problems in discipline. Those were days when things "just weren't done." Faculty meetings were times to hear petitions, discuss infractions of the rules, and pass permissive legislation for things we today take for granted as things hardly worthy of mention. Dr. C. H. Wedel, as chairman of the faculty, presided at such times, and the dignity of official faculty meetings was not permitted to relax for a moment.

LIGHTS COME BACK, showing the faculty in official session.

C. H. WEDEL: If there are no corrections, the minutes will stand approved as read. Is there any new business to be taken up? [C. H. Wedel was very nearsighted; used heavy glasses, and held all material which he had to read very, VERY close to his eyes. But he was a SCHOLAR of the first order--first and always. He must be presented as such--very widely read, and very conversant with the best in literature and the classics]

B. F. WELTY: Mr. Chairman.

WEDEL: Professor Welty.

WELTY: The students are again petitioning for permission to play with Indian clubs.

WEDEL: Again?

WELTY: (noting the shaking of the heads all around him): Yes, the petition which was presented to me to present here before the faculty asks for permission to exercise with Indian clubs in the Main Building.

OTHERS AROUND THE TABLE, much shocked: In the MAIN BUILDING?

WELTY (scanning the petition): Yes, that is what it says.

WEDEL: What is the wish of the faculty? Shall we even discuss such outlandish ideas?

LEHMANN (deliberately): Mr. Chairman, and fellow teachers. I realize that this is a touchy matter. We have discussed it before. But are these students not to be ALLOWED A SINGLE THING?

WEDEL (reprimandingly): Na, Welty, are you perhaps one OF THEM? (Peers questioningly over his glasses, accusingly almost)

WELTY: I, for one, feel that it will make for a better spirit.

LEHMANN: Do you make that into a motion?

WELTY: Mr. Chairman, I do. I move that we grant them permission to exercise with Indian clubs in the Main Building.

LEHMANN: I second the motion.

HAURY (G. A. Haury): Mr. Chairman, let us not go too fast. There are people who are always ready to criticise us, and it will be more difficult to control this thing once it gets out of our hands. I think we should modify this motion.

WEDEL: How shall we modify it?

HAURY: I think we should specify that it is permitted only over the noon hour, and further that this permission applies only to those who signed the petition; and further that any others must get special permission to play with Indian clubs.

WEDEL (Looking to Lehmann and Welty): Would you incorporate these modifications in your motion? (Seeing that they would, he continues) All those in favor say "I." Those opposed? Carried.

WEDEL: Is there any other business?

HAURY: Mr. Chairman, isn't there something we can do to stop the men students from kicking the bath tubs down the stairways?

WEDEL: Are they up to that again?

WELTY: Mr. Chairman, I understand in the cities stationary bath tubs are coming into use quite generally. Perhaps we should undertake to investigate the possibility of putting in bathtubs in our dormitories.

GOERZ (Who up to this time has been silent, now speaks up excitedly): Mr. Chairman, I don't think Brother Welty understands that this would be a VERY EXPENSIVE suggestion. We have no funds for such things as that.

HAURY: Besides, these students do not have bath tubs in their homes, and it would never do to let them have better accommodations here than at home. This is not a question of bathtubs, it is a question of DISCIPLINE.

(There is an embarrassing pause)

WEDEL: Well, Professor Haury, what shall we do? Shall we present the matter to the students in chapel?

HAURY: I think this is a matter for the various faculty members to handle right in the dormitories.

WEDEL (seeing that that apparently is the opinion of the group): If I hear no motion, we shall let it stand that way. Is the report ready on the new dormitory rules and regulations?

LEHMANN: Mr. Chairman.

WEDEL: Mr. Lehmann.

LEHMANN: We have very carefully considered the points under discussion at our last meeting. We would like to present for your approval the following:

"Rules and Regulations

"1.

"2.

"3.

etc.

WEDEL: You have heard the report. Is there any discussion.

(There is an awkward pause, no one saying anything for a moment, looking around to everyone else to begin.)

WELTY: Are not some of these rules a little too strict.

HAURY: Mr. Chairman, I think if anything they are not strict enough. We must have ORDER.

WEDEL: Will not the parents of these students expect us to maintain certain standards?

LEHMANN: I agree with Brother Welty in a way, but perhaps this is the best we can do for the time being, and I therefore make a motion that we adopt these for publication in our next catalog.

WEDEL: All those in favor, say "I|" Opposed? Carried. I believe that is all for today. The meeting is adjourned.

LIGHTS FADE OUT as the various members get up to leave.

NARRATOR: Offsetting such incidents as these, of course, were many others of an entirely different nature. While the faculty had its problems as to student life in the dormitories, problems of curriculum, and problems of finance, yet it found the students always ready and willing to assist in the housework of the young college. Most pressing in those early days was the need of more trees on the otherwise absolutely barren campus. During the spring and summer months when school was not in session the prairie grass grew fast, and by the time the opening of school drew near in the fall, the campus presented a very wild appearance indeed. A man, making the grounds with a horse-drawn grass mower, helped some, but the great need was trees--more trees!

On the faculty at that time was a man by the name of Professor Kruse, who undertook to do something about it. He drew up plans for the beautification of part of the campus, through which at that time ran a little creek, the "Kidron." The original plat, showing the exact location of each proposed tree, is still intact. It was the enthusiasm of Professor Kruse that finally resulted in an All-School Planting Day, on Arbor Day. Each student and faculty member undertook to plant one or more trees. Under some of these trees students would plant tightly sealed bottles into which they had placed their names, little messages, or other sentimental items which it is the talk of the campus to find now-a-days when some of those early trees are uprooted.

LIGHTS COME ON, showing a group of students and faculty members--Goerz,

Wedel, Haury, and others thus far mentioned being plainly recognizable in the group--dressed for outdoor work--overalls, straw hats, holding shovels, spades, rakes, girls carrying pails, etc. Much chattering and cross-talk as everybody is getting ready for tree-planting.

GOERZ: Now, then, if you will be quiet just one moment, everybody, we will call upon our beloved Professor Kruse to give us the instructions. After all, HE is the one who has planned this park, and we think it only fitting and proper that he should have the pleasure of directing us in the work.

KRUSE: Well, it is all very simple, isn't it? We all know how to plant a tree--just dig a hole, pour some water into it, and put in a tree. Mr. Goerz has seen to it, in his usual efficient manner, that all the trees to be planted are arranged over there in groups according to their kind. You just go over there and get your tree. Over here, as you see, is the plan, and Professor Welty and I shall be glad to help you find your stake. We have surveyed out the exact location for each tree, and each tree on the map has its corresponding stake. So let's all work with energy--[some of the students make a move to get started, and he calls them back to order] just one word more. Mrs. Goerz and Mrs. Wedel, they tell me when we are through there will be some of their extra-special zwiebach and coffee. Don't forget that!

CROWD yells lustily (ad. lib): Hooray! Long last the zwiebach! etc.

The crowd now thins out considerably to just one or two groups, perhaps; digging, laughing, kidding, as they work. Very quickly the hole is ready, the girls pour the water, the tree is set, and the hole filled up, and the group moves to a new location. Welty, Kruse, etc., of the faculty come and stand around and move on. All very informal, but a happy scene of students and faculty members working together. The girls (not so modern!) are somewhat more delicate and don't dig into the thing quite so much, perhaps, but play a ladylike part as the times would have permitted.

KRUSE (whistling through his fingers): All right, now, all right! What did I tell you? (He is calling loudly, to those at a great distance.) The coffee is R-E-A-D-Y!

CROWD REASSEMBLES FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, rakes and forks are piled high, while Mrs. Goerz and Mrs. Wedel bring in the coffee and cups and zwiebach are being passed around as the lights gradually fade out.

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

NARRATOR: And thus the 19th century passed on, and the 20th century came in. Each year brought with it its own peculiar contribution to the school. The school became the "melting pot," of the various pioneer cultures--the students learned not only from books, but from each other. Being away from home was something new! The student from Buhler in those days was as far from home as the student from Beatrice, Nebraska, today! Students came--and went home! Went home and brought others! Until, before ten years had passed, the board of directors found themselves faced with MORE PROBLEMS, and ever greater challenges.

NARRATOR NO. 2: By the beginning of the 20th century, the visitor to the College no longer saw only the Main Building. Coincident with the erection of the Main Building . . .

LIGHTS GRADUALLY COME BACK ON, BUT NOT TO FULL STRENGTH, revealing on the skyline silhouettes not only of the Main Building but the old Dining Hall just west of the Main Building. Just west of that the Student's Home [where now the Memorial Hall stands], and west of that the present Western Home. That's all.

NARRATOR NO. 2 (Continuing) . . . .the ever-watchful eye of the founders had seen to it that the Dining Hall, formerly used in the Halstead Seminary, had been brought over from there, by the only way known in those days--the block and tackle system. The Student's Home, just west of the Dining Hall stood where the present Memorial Hall now stands, a simple, unpretentious, wood-frame structure. The Western Home, the elite men's dormitory of recent years, also was moved over from Halstead, and used as a home for faculty members.

NARRATOR NO. 3: But now, ten years later, with every year bringing more and more students, ...

NARRATOR NO. 4: And every year bringing with it a richer curriculum and the need for a larger faculty, ...

NARRATOR NO. 2: The board found itself undertaking the erection of another building--a home for women students. Encouraged by the success of the first decade, those early founders now ventured another ambitious undertaking--"Get Carnegie to build a dormitory for women students." So . . . .

NARRATOR NO. 1: To Carnegie they went. In due time the negotiations brought success. The Carnegie Foundation donated a sum of $10,000, to be matched by equal gifts from the constituency of the school, and in 1903 . . . .

LIGHTS FADE OUT AND BACK IN, QUICKLY, ALLOWING JUST TIME TO SLIP THE

SILHOUETTE OF CARNEGIE HALL INTO THE SKYLINE.

NARRATOR NO. 3: The first significant addition to the buildings on the Bethel College campus became a reality! In a day when education, if thought of at all, was thought of as being mainly for men, this building was a public confession of faith in the future growth of the school. Yet, strange as it now seems, Carnegie Hall was not so named until the year 1938--some thirty-five years after its construction. To hundreds of students, both men and women, it was and always will be just "Ladies Dorm."

NARRATOR NO. 1: While the men could sleep in the basement or the attic of the Administration Building for a while, yet this could not go on forever. Where was the "Carnegie" who would put up a dormitory for the men?

NARRATOR NO. 2: By a novel arrangement with a group of mission-minded friends of the school, a men's dormitory--the only building on the Bethel campus ever built for that purpose and only that purpose--became a reality. The arrangement was this: The building was built as an investment on the part of the mission group with the understanding that the income from the property by way of student rentals should go to the mission fund until the building was paid for; thereafter it was to become the property of the College.

NARRATOR NO. 1: That building was originally called "The Mission Home," and not until approximately 1918 was the name changed to "White House."

LIGHTS FADE OUT AND BACK IN just long enough for the silhouette of the White House to be slipped into the skyline.

NARRATOR NO. 1 (Continuing): Thus slowly--and painfully--the campus grew. A need (pause), an idea (pause), a plan (pause), and then--ACTION.

ENTER GOERZ: He is carrying a surveyor's transit. He sets it up and takes his sights, sets stakes, jots down numbers in his little notebook. He picks up his transit, resets it at another spot, and again takes down measurements. Finally leaves without speaking.

NARRATOR NO. 2: So it was for instance, with the construction of Elm Cottage. It is reported that one of the students, first to rise one morning from his bed in the east room on the second floor of the Administration Building and coming down, long before breakfast, saw David Goerz, at the breaking of dawn setting out his surveyor's transit to take down measurements. No

highly paid architects in those days--that little notebook which he always carried in his pockets contained EVERYTHING. We read where he evidently was jotting down some data of real estate dimensions:

NARRATOR NO. 3 (quoting from the notebook): "From the S. W. corner stone Eastward, including street. From S. W. corner stone or from the point 1097 feet east of corner stone due north to South line of the street, south of the four blocks, thence continuing northward."

NARRATOR NO. 4: That little notebook!--What an insight its pages give us today of the fertile mind of the man who carried it! Floorplans of buildings to be staked out! Sermon texts to be used! Sermon dates to be watched. Matters to be attended to while down town! Record of number of trees planted--120 at one time, and 111 another. "Leave Pretty Prairie 10:25 a.m., or 5:35 p.m." Moneys due from students on account of tuition, coal, organ rent, or lodging. Minutes of meeting of which he was secretary, treasurer, or what not. Moneys received as payment on notes, as contributions for the endowment fund. "Paid for 2 box erasers and one-half box crayons for Professor G. A. Haury, $3.00." "Bought for the dining hall 110 lb. veal, $6.05; 2 bu. peaches, $1.00."

NARRATOR NO. 1 (questioningly): A notebook, did you say?

NARRATOR NO. 2: Scores of them. He was never without them. Everything--EVERYTHING--was jotted down in a notebook, later

LIGHTS HAVE FADED OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF SPEECH 4, ABOVE, and the spotlight at the right side of the stage shows him now sitting at his study desk writing busily in large books (office journals and ledgers stacked high on his desk).

NARRATOR NO. 2 (continuing) to be recorded in the permanent records of the institution. What a present-day tribute to the integrity of those early founders that a modern audit by qualified accountants reveals not one single departure from the straight and narrow path of sound business administration. What a tribute to their foresight that in 1938 when the inspectors for the North Central Association made their momentous visit, they should comment as follows:

NARRATOR NO. 3: "The completeness and the accuracy of the records of Bethel College, going back as they do to the very founding of the school is most unusual and remarkable."

LIGHTS FADE OUT BEGINNING about the middle of Speech 3, above.

(There is a considerable pause)

[This page reserved for P. A. Ponner scene, or equivalent]

LIGHTS ON FULL: The stage shows a little shrubbery here and there. It is spring. As the lights come on there is no one on the stage, but presently

VOICES off stage, of students walking and in animated conversation. They come on the stage, carrying books--here a couple from one side, now one from the other, perhaps a group of three talking, laughing--they're going to classes! And it's about time. They walk briskly in different directions, as though sidewalks cross just about the middle of the stage. They are carrying books, loaded with papers sticking out. Conversations now heard, now not, have to do with many things, such as:

STUDENT: I got along all right until I got to the third problem.

ANOTHER: Oh that one wasn't so bad.

STUDENT: Well, just so he doesn't call on me this morning.

ANOTHER: Have you written your Aufsatz already for today?

STUDENT: Was that due TODAY?

GIRLS (Tripping and chattering as they go): So you're really going to have a date Saturday. Does the dean of women know about it?

ANOTHER: Oh, really, and who is it?

ANOTHER: How come I don't know anything about this?

[Etc., etc., ad. lib.]

BELL RINGS BRISKLY and crowd thins out quickly.

NARRATOR: School days! From dormitory to class, from class to chapel and back to class. What a busy life it always has been! Filled to the very brim with lectures which lifted the soul of youth out of its drowsiness to the dreams of greater things--dreams such as they had never thought themselves capable of dreaming--dreams of an expanding world, of expanding life, of a more meaningful life. And after the lectures, after the house of study--friendship.

LIGHTS FADE DOWN CONSIDERABLE. (Can we duplicate an evening scene by moonlight?) A young man and woman come sauntering on the stage. A settee near some shrubbery provides a convenient place to sit down. A scene of love at its best!

BOY: You know, Magdalene, I have never heard Professor Wedel better

than he was today in our class in church history.

MAGDALENE (Sweetly): Yes, he was wonderful, wasn't he; and you--you made a fine recitation too. I know it pleased him.

HERMANN: You know, Magdalene, when I hear him speak as he does--telling us that what our people need is consecrated leadership, something inside of me just goes--thump, themp, themp!

MAGDALENE: Does it make you feel as though YOU ought to be one of those leaders?

HERMANN: Yes, Magdalene, it does. But how could I ever be a leader? I have nothing that it takes to make a real leader. These men who teach us, they are leaders, but they are scholars--I am just a plain country boy. Who would ever listen to me? I could not preach.

MAGDALENE (coyly): I like to listen to you when you speak in class. Sometimes I like to come to class just because I think perhaps you will say something--your thoughts are always such good thoughts.

HERMANN (shyly): Really? I must confess, Magdalene, sometimes I--I--well, I sort of say things in a veiled language--which the others in the class don't understand, but . . . .

MAGDALENE (understandingly): I understand, really, Hermann, I do. Someday you are going to be one of those leaders. I can just see you, and your people will just love you--they will follow you because you understand people and their needs, you have tenderness, and sympathy.

HERMANN (Pausing a long time, as he picks around on a twig off the bush): Magdalene, what do YOU plan to do in life?

MAGDALENE: Oh, I don't know exactly. I don't know EXACTLY, but I know that wherever I go, or whatever I do, I'll never be the same. Never.

HERMANN (Trying to see a hidden meaning): What do you mean, Magdalene?

MAGDALENE: Oh, life just looks so different now from what it used to, Hermann. It's so much bigger. I never realized how little my home town was--how little its ideas were, until I came here and became acquainted with other students from other communities.

HERMANN (cautiously): Magdalene, do you ever feel ashamed of being one of our people? I do, sometimes.

MAGDALENE: I did in my freshman year, but now that I am a senior I don't feel it any more. Now I'm GLAD I belong to our people. I'm proud of it.

HERMANN: Do you think you could be happy, going back to our own people--sort of investing the rest of our lives--you know, investing your whole life right in your own home town? Do you think you could do that, and still be happy?

MAGDALENE (Glowing with tenderness and feeling): Yes, Hermann, I think I could. I--I--KNOW I could.

HERMANN: I think, Magdalene, I could say "Yes" to God's call in my heart, if it weren't for one thing.

MAGDALENE: What is that condition, Hermann? You know Professor Haury told us in our class in English that the great men and women in history have always been those who follow UNconditionally.

HERMANN: Don't torment me like that, Magdalene. You know very well what I mean.

MAGDALENE (skillfully): But, really, Hermann, isn't that true--you will never do anything really worth while in life unless you do it with utter abandon.

HERMANN: Magdalene, now listen to me. I think if you would go with me, I would say "Yes" in my heart, and be happy.

MAGDALENE: Hermann, a man's work is the biggest thing in his life. It means more than anything in the world to a man.

HERMANN: It means everything, Magdalene; and yet there is something even greater than my work. I love you, Magdalene--you know that, don't you. You know I love you.

MAGDALENE: I love YOU, too, Hermann.

HERMANN: Then, you mean--you mean I can call you MY Magdalene--for always?

MAGDALENE: Yes, Hermann.

HERMANN: And we'll go back together to our people.

MAGDALENE: Yes, Hermann, wherever you go, I'll go with you.

HERMAN TAKES HER HAND in his, and they sit in silence for a minute in the moonlight.

HERMANN (Clearly and distinctly): You shivered just then, didn't you, Magdalene?

MAGDALENE: Not much, Just a little.

HERMANN: It's late. See the lights in the Ladies Dormitory are already being put out--it's almost ten. I'll take you home now. We'll never forget this evening, will we, Magdalene?

MAGDALENE: No, never, NEVER, Hermann. You know something, Hermann, (Putting her arms around his neck), there's a little verse from the Bible keeps singing in my brain. Do you know what it is? It almost seems sacreligious, but I don't FEEL like it is.

HERMANN: What is it, Magdalene?

MAGDALENE: It goes something like this, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us . . . ."

HERMANN: No, Magdalene, that ISN'T sacreligious. That's the way LOVE IS.

LIGHTS FADE OUT AS THEY WALK OFF QUIETLY, arm in arm.

NARRATOR: And so the dreams of the founders of Bethel College were realized. With each passing year, with each commencement, there went out from the College young men and women who dedicated their lives to the work among their own people. Increasingly the leaders of the churches were men and women who had spent one or more years at Bethel, and from these communities came more and ever more young people to drink deep at the P spring!

NARRATOR 2: By the year 1910 the tranquil years of the new century drew the curtains upon the childhood of Bethel College, It was time for a change. Already signs of this change were apparent.

NARRATOR 3: A growing body of alumni were beginning to feel their unity of interest, of background, of purpose. Each year these alumni returned to the haunts of their college days. Each year they saw more clearly the needs of a growing school.

NARRATOR 2: Though their strength had been as the strength of ten, even they, these early founders found their strength failing. David Goerz found himself forced, by the year 1908, to take a leave of absence, and the business management of the institution was gradually shifted to the shoulders of Professor G. A. Haury, Sr. The passing of Dr. C. H. Wedel, after a short illness, took from the stage of action one of the finest scholars Mennonitism has ever had--and left the faculty without a leader.

NARRATOR 3: But not without VISION! Not without ZEAL! Not without a new sense of responsibility. And not, thank God, without a willingness to attempt the impossible, and to achieve it! Great needs produce great men.

LIGHTS COME BACK ON, revealing an INDOOR scene of a banquet hall, people sitting around linen-covered tables, but the tables have been cleared, and people have turned their chairs for the after-dinner speeches. Flowers bedeck the tables of the alumni banquet. String ensemble is playing "College Days."

TOASTMASTER: And now, we have all had a great time, I am sure, at this, our 13th annual alumni banquet. You have heard the inspiring speech of our visitor (pointing to the visiting speaker, who bows, accepting the compliment), we have had a fine meal, good music, and so we come now to the business session. The first item is the report of the special committee on the building of a new gym.

COMMITTEEMAN (rising): Mr. Chairman, our committee has met repeatedly to discuss plans for the building of a new gym for our Alma Mater. While there is some question on the part of some people about the advisability of putting in a full physical education program, for the most part we have received hearty encouragement. Already donations have been made on condition that we go ahead with a building program.

TOASTMASTER: Does your committee have any special recommendation?

COMMITTEEMAN (taking out a resolution): Yes, Mr. Toastmaster, we do. After meeting with the College authorities and the architects, we recommend that the Alumni Association undertake the immediate construction of a new gymnasium to cost $11,000, as our gift to our Alma Mater!

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE FROM THE AUDIENCE!

CHAIRMAN (Toastmaster): Do you wish to discuss this any further?

ALUMNUS 1: Mr. Chairman, I think the committee is to be congratulated, and I move that we adopt this report unanimously.

ALUMNUS 2: I second the motion.

CHAIRMAN: All those in favor, say "I."

AUDIENCE (Unanimously): "I."

MAURY (rising to claim the floor): Mr. Chairman, it seems only fitting and proper that someone from the faculty should say a word at this time, and in the name of the faculty and the students, let

me express our deep gratitude for the loyalty of our alumni. What you have just now resolved to do is a great thing, an unselfish thing. We know, however, that you are going to have just as much joy in the creation of this new building as we, who are always on the campus at work, will have joy in using it. (Sits down)

APPLAUSE OF APPRECIATION FROM THE AUDIENCE, as

LIGHTS FADE OUT. While the lights are out [all the way through, while lights are out minor buildings have been placed in the silhouette skyline], the silhouette of the old gym in goes into place.

NARRATOR: While the alumni were working on the collection of funds for the Alumni Hall, better knwon to alumni and exstudents as the "Gym," the faculty and board of directors had been giving much attention to the matter of getting recognition from the State university and the State Board of Education as a full-fledged college. Each year saw some improvement in the curriculum. The enlarged and more competent faculty each year attracted an increasing number of serious-minded students.

NARRATOR 2: Thus it was that in 1912 . . . .

LIGHTS COME ON, SHOWING AN INDOOR SCENE, audience seated, faculty members in full regalia on a stage, a group of _____ graduates of the first graduation class standing to receive their diplomas. The president is handing them out, very deliberately, each graduate changing the tassel on his cap as he receives his diploma. Since there are so few, this must not be done too rapidly.

NARRATOR 2: . . . . the College graduated its first class of six members to receive full recognition by the State authorities with the A.B. degree. The College (Pause) . . was growing up!

LIGHTS FADE DOWN VERY SLOWLY AS THE PIANO BEGINS PLAYING THE RECESSIONAL, and the faculty and graduates march off as the lights fade out.

NARRATOR 1: And adolescent years are difficult years! Spurred to move more rapidly by a restless alumni group, and hedged about by financial restrictions, and held back by the fears and timidity of a not-too-confident constituency in those years the administration and the faculty had to pick its precarious path into the unknown. Suddenly conscious of the new expansion, the students themselves took on more and more the air of typical college students the country over. Their pranks were endless.

LIGHTS COME ON SHOWING INDOOR DORMITORY SCENE in the boys dormitory. A group of five or six boys, obviously with nothing to do, are lounging in a dormitory room. The atmosphere is set for mischief.

FIRST STUDENT: I tell you what--you go to the telephone and you tell Professor Haury to come over to the Western Home.

SECOND STUDENT: Why me? He'll sure recognize my voice.

THIRD STUDENT: Naw, he won't. You just go on--you call him.

SECOND STUDENT: What'll I tell him? He won't come over here, just telling him.

FOURTH STUDENT: Listen, fellows, I got an idea!

OTHERS: O.K., let's have it. It's a long time since you had ANY ideas, but it COULD BE!

FOURTH STUDENT (strolling over and picking up the poker near the stove): How about telling him there's a poker game going on.

OTHERS (roaring with laughter): Amen, Mr., you DID have an idea.

FIRST STUDENT (to second student): That's IT. You go, now, and call Professor Haury and tell him there's a poker game going on at the Western Home, and he really should attend to it at once.

SECOND STUDENT (Not quite convinced): O.K., but you'll stand by me if we get into trouble.

OTHERS: Aw, go on, you old sissy! There won't be any trouble. Just leave it to US!

SECOND STUDENT leaves to make the call. The others get busy, moving the table out of the way and arranging a clear space. Three of the boys leave,

THIRD STUDENT: We better get the pokers from our own rooms.

FOURTH STUDENT: Have you two pokers here?

FIRST STUDENT: Heck no, have plenty of trouble hanging on to the one we have.

THIRD AND FOURTH STUDENTS return at once with pokers.

THIRD STUDENT: Man, this is going to be GOOD.

SECOND STUDENT (returning): Hurry up, fellows, he's all excited.

FIRST STUDENT: What did he say?

SECOND STUDENT: Boy, I could just hear him breathing--real fast. "Poker game?" he said. "Where?" When I told him it was upstairs at the Western Home he said, "I'll come right away." Now what!

FIRST STUDENT: Well, we just get around here on the floor and play poker, that's all.

THIRD STUDENT: What do you mean, "play poker"?

OTHER STUDENTS ARE ALL EXCITED, jumping around, hitching their belts for the fun, going over to the window to see whether he's coming, etc.

FOURTH STUDENT (at window): Sh-sh-sh! Here he comes--he's over at the Elm Cottage--I didn't know he could run like that.

BOYS GET DOWN IN A CIRCLE, or a half circle, facing the door through which Haury will be coming. They begin beating their pokers on the floor, as though each one is trying to play tag with all other pokers. Footsteps are heard, and for just one moment all pokers are silent. Just before the door opens all pokers begin again, flying fast.

HAURY (Breaking in through the door, all out of breath, and terribly excited): What's THIS!

BOYS (Paying absolutely no attention to him, without a smile, and terribly seriousminded, just keep on playing, intent on their game.

HAURY (beginning to realize the joke's on him, is terribly embarrassed, stands a moment or so, then half hoping he has not been noticed in the noise of the game, slinks back out through the door, quietly closing the door behind him, without another word).

BOYS roll around on the floor laughing, holding their sides, etc., as

LIGHTS FADE OUT. Change to outdoor scene.

NARRATOR 1: Taxing the patience of the faculty and their wisdom to the utmost, student demands arose fast and furious . . . .

LIGHTS COME ON, showing various student groups, in varying costumes to suit the situations, as indicated by narrators' comments below. Students are criss-crossing the campus as before [See previous reference].

NARRATOR 2: We want a football team! OTHER colleges do!

[A small group is seen scrimmaging, throwing the ball, warming up with setting-up exercises, ad. lib.]

NARRATOR 3: We want a college ANNUAL! Other colleges do.

[A small group is talking excitedly, looking over various college annuals--mostly pantomime.]

NARRATOR 1: We want to have a pep club! OTHER colleges do!

[A small group is seen practicing up on yells--"YEA, TEAM," etc., ad. lib.]

NARRATOR 2: We want a college PAPER! Other colleges do.

[A small group is looking over a paper, pointing to this feature or that--gesturing as if to "put something over," "let's get behind this thing and make it GO! etc.]

NARRATOR 3: And all told these things did have their effect . . . .

LIGHTS FADE OUT slightly, but come right back on.

NARRATOR 3 (continuing): By 1916 even the faculty was being moved by this insistent demand for more "school spirit." the much-loved professor of music that year set out to compose an all-school song to be sung at school events. . . .

OFF STAGE SOUND OF PIANO, as of someone composing.

NARRATOR 3 (continuing): Quite as a surprise to the student body the song was sung for the first time in the chapel, January 26, 1916, and at once became the well-known "Alma Mater."

BRISKLY FROM ALL SIDES RUN IN BOYS AND GIRLS, waving pennants, eating popcorn, etc., and assemble in circle.

LEADER: All right, EVERYBODY--Let's SING. (Real Loud) The ALMA MATER--Everybody SING!

SOMEBODY STRIKES UP AND THEY SING, "Maroon and Gray, O Fairest Colors!"

LIGHTS FADE AGAIN as narrator picks up.

NARRATOR: Remember, these were the years just before World War I, and spirit ran high. The War ran its course, and laid its mark upon the College--took its students, took away some of its loyal friends--decimated the ranks of the faculty. In the wake of the war followed famine, and the president of the College, J. W. Kliewer was called by the General Conference Board of Missions to make a trip to India and other foreign mission fields. Baffled and confused by the post-war issues and the many changes which it brought about the college suddenly found itself once more leaderless and facing a badly-broken morale within and without.

NARRATOR 2: Hardly a board meeting, hardly a corporation meeting in those years without its conflicts, its suspicions, its accusations and recriminations. Yet in and through it all ran one ray of hope--one undenyable argument--one FACT. The student body was increasing. Each year laid an increasing demand upon the school for more adequate facilities.

NARRATOR 3: The crowding of the science laboratories became insufferable in the Administration Building. The fumes from the chemistry laboratories and the limitations of facilities in the other natural science departments literally "smoked out" opposition, and by 1924 the Science Hall, for which the faculty had hoped and begged for years, became a reality.

LIGHTS, FADING IN GRADUALLY DURING THE ABOVE SPEECHES, REVEAL THE NEW SKYLINE, WITH THE SILHOUETTE OF THE SCIENCE HALL IN POSITION.

ENTER, from the side, President J. W. Kliewer and Chancellor Lindley, of K. U. Both are very tall, and very lanky, but Lindley the more so. Lindley is snow white as he takes off his hat.

LINDLEY (stopping and addressing President Kliewer): President Kliewer, your school has made remarkable progress. I am astounded!

KLIEWER: Thank you, Chancellor Lindley, we are a long ways from what you people have at the University of Kansas, but we are grateful for what we have.

LINDLEY: Indeed, I do not think that a church college should attempt to be a state university.

KLIEWER: That's true.

LINDLEY: But in one respect--at least--you excel us. Your science department, without a doubt, excels our own equipment in proportion to the program you undertake. Let me congratulate you upon that.

KLIEWER (looking eastward, toward the science hall): Some of our people feel we are placing too much emphasis upon science--we are, after all, a CHURCH school, and our heritage is in the field of religion, not science.

LINDLEY: It is true, and I hope you never forget that. On the other hand, your young people are going out into an entirely new world.

KLIEWER: We are, by nature, an agricultural people, and our older people do not yet grasp the present world situation, Chancellor Lindley.

LINDLEY: I understand your problem, President Kliewer. A leader can go no faster than his people will let him. You must remain close

enough to your people to sense their needs, and far enough ahead so that they will recognize you as a leader.

KLIEWER: Then you think Bethel has a place?

LINDLEY: A place? Why, President Kliewer, your school has an opportunity --a great OPPORTUNITY. I go over the state and in other states. I see many schools. We, at the University of Kansas, feel that Bethel is developing one of the finest programs in the state.

ENTER PROFESSOR LINSCHEID.

KLIEWER: Chancellor Lindley, this is Professor Linscheid, our Professor of English.

LINDLEY: Ah, yes, Professor. We already met this morning in chapel. I have been mightily impressed, Professor Linscheid, with the splendid program which you people have been following with your students.

LINSCHEID: I suppose you have seen the new Science Hall. What do you think of it, Chancellor Lindley?

CHANCELLOR LINDLEY: I was just telling President Kliewer, here, that I think this practically settles the question of accreditment with the State University. I am going to talk to our committee on advanced standing at once when I get back to tell them what I have seen here. (Moving off stage) Well, gentlemen, it has been fine to have been here, and I am glad to have met you, Professor.

LIGHTS FADE DOWN AS MEN LEAVE THE STAGE. BELL TOLLS SLOWLY OFF STAGE!

NARRATOR 1: In 1926 death took from the ranks of the faculty one who had been with the school from its earliest days at Halstead--Professor G. A. Haury, professor of English, Latin, and other similar courses. Loved as a scholar and as a teacher by his pupils, and respected as one of the most loyal pillars of the administrative staff, his passing was a sad experience in the life of the school. The difficulty was that there was no "under study" to fill his place, and President Kliewer found himself hampered on every side by lack of facts and figures needed for the intelligent administration of a growing school.

NARRATOR 2: So it happened that, despite the best of intentions on the part of a consecrated administration, the College rode blindly into one of the most trying periods of its history--the financial collapse of 1929--the reverberations of which are still with us.

NARRATOR 3: With rising standards of living, salaries of the faculty members had been increased and held steady at a figure never known before, and when the crash of 1929 came, it was difficult

to retrench. Sure that it could not be a permanent thing, old contracts were renewed, maintenance expenses were incurred with the expectations of paying later, until even the most loyal friends of the school began to worry.

NARRATOR 1: While costs were going up, enrollment was going down. In 1929 the enrollment was 291.

NARRATOR 2: In 1930 the enrollment was 290.

NARRATOR 3: In 1931 and enrollment was 310.

NARRATOR 1: By 1932 and 1933 it had dropped to 273. Faculty salaries were in arrears and were demanding their salaries. Expenses were pared to the bone. It was a hectic period of readjustment. Restless and unsatisfied, students came and left. Faculty members quit and joined other schools or went into other types of work.

NARRATOR 2: Clearly the situation was crucial. Something HAD to be done. Broken in health by the strain of the work, President Kliewer asked for relief in the administrative load. It was the end of the adolescent period--it was time for a CHANGE!

NARRATOR 3: This time the change was to a new IDEA. Challenged with a life-or-death choice, the faculty, burned out and liquidated in its struggle for self-existence, and exhausted in the attempt to maintain the artificial standards of a life that was no more, found themselves suddenly fused in a new sense of dependency upon and unity with its cultural rootage. (Pause) It is the year 1932.

LIGHTS COME ON SHOWING THE FACULTY IN SESSION.

CHAIRMAN: The past is gone! Can we forget it?

PROFESSOR LINSCHEID: Mr. Chairman, these have been difficult years. None of us has escaped his share in it. But we have not been the only ones who have suffered. Consider the parents of our students! Consider the friends of the school, through whose gifts all these years the school has maintained itself! They TOO have suffered.

CHAIRMAN: What do you think should be done?

PROFESSOR LINSCHEID: I think we must face facts--FACTS!--HARD, COLD FACTS, Mr. Chairman. I think we must forget our selfishness and our pride, and begin to think of the needs of our people.

PROFESSOR ANONYMOUS (rising in protest): Mr. Chairman, I do not understand Professor Linscheid. What does he mean?

PROFESSOR LINSCHEID: We have lived too much to ourselves--we must live for our people. When we begin to serve the needs of our people, we will find our people ready and willing to support the school as they have in the past. Fellow teachers, let me beg of you, I plead with you, let's have done with our self-centeredness, let us reconsider our whole program and manner of living. Let us re-evaluate ourselves in relation to the church.

CHAIRMAN: Bethel was born as a child of the church, and to the church we must look, after all.

FOURTH FACULTY MEMBER (rising to the floor, and with quiet dignity): Mr. Chairman, I feel that that is what we must do. We need to return to God, and relying utterly upon Him, yield ourselves in more complete devotion to our task. If we will give of ourselves, they will give as the needs of the school demand. I have no fear of that.

OTHER FACULTY MEMBERS WITH ONE ACCORD indicate by various gestures their sympathy with this point of view.

CHAIRMAN: It seems we are all agreed upon the general principle.

FIFTH FACULTY MEMBER: It seems to me that we must agree not only in principle, but we must work out specific plans and procedures--we must have some goal toward which we can all work wholeheartedly. The first goal toward which I see that we must strive is toward general acceptance of the quality of the work done in our classes.

PROFESSOR ANONYMOUS: Our College is fully accredited by the State. What do you mean?

FIFTH FACULTY MEMBER: I think all of you will agree that during these years of the depression our classes have suffered greatly.

GENERAL ACCORD FROM THE FLOOR.

FIFTH FACULTY MEMBER (continuing): Let's bring our curriculum into line with the needs of our people, first of all. Then let's go to the churches and see whether they will accept that program. Let's cut our salaries down to the point where we can live and do a fairly decent job of teaching--and then TEACH!

CHAIRMAN: Do you feel sure that the communities will then accept us and support the school sufficiently so that it can carry out its program?

FIFTH FACULTY MEMBER: I KNOW they will.

CHAIRMAN: I take it as the sense of this meeting, then, that you wish your administration to work in the direction of a closer unity with our churches; toward a higher standard of class work; and toward a simple standard of financial growth which we are able to manage with reasonable success. Is that correct?

GENERAL ACCORD AND ACCEPTANCE, as

LIGHTS FADE OUT.

NARRATOR: In the ten years which were to follow those in the school and those without were to find out by experience what that old proverb means, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

NARRATOR 2: In 1933 the board of directors willed that there should be installed the needed facilities for printing the various publications.

NARRATOR 3: And in 1934 it was so.

NARRATOR 2: In 1935 the board of directors willed that there should be established the necessary facilities whereby the health of the students would more adequately be maintained in a properly equipped infirmary, and

NARRATOR 3: And in 1936 it was so.

NARRATOR 2: In 1934 the annual meeting of the corporation willed that the College should establish a dairy farm and more economically to provide the requirements of the dining hall, and

NARRATOR 3: In 1935 it was so.

NARRATOR 2: In 1935 the business office of the College undertook thoroughly to reorganize the system of accounting to provide for budgetary control, and

NARRATOR 3: In 1936 it was so.

NARRATOR 2: In 1937 a vast multitude of friends, both young and old, students and faculty, encouraged by the vitality which always comes from right thinking and right dreaming, having seen with their own eyes the rebirth of an institution, WILLED that, GOD WILLING, Bethel College might have done with repairing the old garments and be given a NEW--a NEW building, in which, rising up in newness of life, youth might remember forever the MAN, and

NARRATOR 3: In 1942, it was so.

NARRATOR 2: In 1939, conscious of the pressing need of countless young men and women for a college education in the face of closed doors,

it was willed that the work of the institution should be shared in a universal work program for students, and

NARRATOR 3: So, it was so.

[Each time Narrator 3 speaks the lights come on--notch by notch--brighter and brighter, a slight increase coincident with the word "so," in each case, until now, in the full light the entire campus on the skyline is spotlighted.

CHIMES FROM THE TOWER BEGIN PLAYING, "JESUS SAVIOR PILOT ME."

(While chimes play, Narrator reads)

THE POSTLUDE

Child of God, whosoever thou mayst be, having contemplated so great a host of witnesses, lay aside now every weight of sin which does so easily beset thee. For it was the good pleasure of those who went before thee to smooth a path for thy feet, that thou mightst thereby be brought more easily into a fuller knowledge of the Truth. Leave, therefore, thy low-vaulted past! And build thee more stately mansions!

This is not all! See, there goeth before thee the One who will pilot thee also, as He hath piloted all these whose lives have so enriched thy Alma Mater. Thy life is not in vain. Let thy light shine, and in a day when thou dost need light, the light which thou hast shed on others shall light for thee the way that thou shouldst go.

"He that seeketh to know the will of the Father shall know it."

"Other foundation can no man lay than that IS laid, even Jesus Christ."